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TALES.

SILVER-VOICE AND HER SISTER ZOE. A Story of Sisterly Affection.

MANY years ago, a Greek merchant was walking through the slave-market, when he beheld for sale a little girl, so beautiful and yet so sad, that though he was on his way to conclude a bargain, he could not prevail on himself to pass indifferently on.

"Of what country?" he inquired.

"A Candiote," replied the slave-dealer. She was from his own beloved Island.

"How much?"

"Five thousand piastres."

"I will pay the price." The bargain was concluded on the spot: Kariades took home the Silver-Voice to his house.

The girl followed him, silently hanging down her head, and refusing to answer the questions he put in a kind, bluff way. Some great sorrow evidently weighed upon her, and she refused to be comforted. When, however, Kariades presented her to his wife, and said,

"This shall be our daughter," the child opened her lips and cried,

"Wherefore, oh father, didst thou not come to the slave-market one hour before?"

He asked her meaning, and she explained that her sister had been separated from her, and sold to a Turk: "and," cried she, "I will not live unless Zoe be brought back to my side."

Kariades smiled as he replied,

"I went forth this day to buy goods, and I have come back with a daughter. Must I needs go and fetch another?"

"You must!" said the girl, resolutely.

From that hour forth, she was the queen in the house. Kariades returned to the slave-market, but, strange to say, could find no clue to the fate of Zoe, although he offered double her price to the dealer. It was believed that she had been bought by a stranger merely passing through Cairo, and making no stay; for the public crier was employed to go about the streets and proclaim that whoever would produce the girl, should receive whatever he demanded. All was in vain. Time passed on; and the active grief of the Silver-Voice sobered down into steadfast melancholy. She continued living as the daughter, or rather as the mistress of the house, knowing no want but that of her sister, and en-

chanting every one with the magnificence of her singing, until she reached the age of sixteen years.

One day Kariades said to her,

"My child, I must seek a husband for thee among the merchants of my people."

But she firmly refused, declaring that there could be no joy for her unless she knew that her sister was not living in wretched thralldom in the house of some cruel Turk.

"But," said he, "what if death hath overtaken her?"

"We promised, as we lay folded in each other's arms the night before we parted, to be happy or sorrowful together—to laugh at the same time, to weep at the same time—and if one died, the other was never to cease grieving. I remember that, as they were dragging Zoe away, she turned her pale face, all sparkling with tears, towards me, and cried, 'for ever!'"

"Meaning that you were parted for ever?"

"No; but that we were to be faithful to our vow for ever. I never shall forget the agonizing expression of that face. How can I? I see it every night in my dreams; and painful though it be, I rush into sleep as eagerly to behold it as if I were going into Paradise. No: I will never marry while that face threatens to enterpose between my husband and me."

"Then this vision torments thee?"

"Ah, father!" and she shuddered, and bent her head.

It was evident that her mind was weakened by too much contemplation of one idea.

Kariades yielded before a will stronger than his own, and nothing was said either about marriage or the lost Zoe for nearly a year. At the end of this time, Silver-Voice appeared before the good old man, and said,

"Father, give me money; I have thought of a means by which I may find my sister Zoe."

He looked sadly at her, but gave her what she required. Next day she disappeared, and was not heard of for several weeks. Then she returned, consoled her adopted parents for a while, and again departed without giving the least indication of how she employed her time. Nor did they ask her, confident that all she did was prompted by that most powerful of all loves—the love of a sister supplying a mother's place.

The truth was that she had hired a number of houses in various parts of Cairo, and visited them alternately, in order to pass the evenings singing on the terrace. Despite the failure of the researches made by Kariades, she remained persuaded that

Zoe was in Cairo, and hoped that the echoes of her magnificent voice might at length go as messengers into the depth of every harem, and make known her presence.

A whole year passed in this manner without bringing anything new; but the beautiful patience of the Silver-Voice was at length after a fashion rewarded. Better had it been, perhaps, for her, had her soul wafted away in some sad song. She was standing one evening, long after the sun had set, filling the air with her, plaintive notes, and calling, as usual, upon her sister; suddenly there rose a cry—a piercing, terrible cry, such as no mortal ever utters, but when the sanctuary of life is invaded. At that awful sound the Silver-Voice was struck dumb. She stood listening like a gazelle when it hears the howl of a wolf afar off upon the desert. The wild accents seemed to hang for a moment over her, and then to fall into her ears murmuring, as they fell, the words, "My sister!"

How it came to pass she could not tell over the parapet, along a crumbling wall, across a ruined house, she passed as if by magic, until she fell like a moonbeam through an open window, and saw upon a rich couch the form of an expiring woman lying. It was her sister Zoe. The blow had been too well aimed; it had gone to her heart; and the life-blood bubbled rapidly forth between her white fingers, which she pressed to her side. One eloquent glance, in which eyes mingled with eyes, whilst lips hung upon lips, was exchanged. There was not time, neither was there need, to tell their stories in any other way. The dying woman made one effort, pointed to a cradle that stood under a cloud of gauze curtains in a corner, then smiled a long impassioned smile of recognition, of gratitude, and of love, seemed to wander a little back in memory, murmured some pleasant sounds, and was still.

The Silver-Voice rose solemnly, and casting her eyes about, beheld a man crouching in a corner weeping.

"It is all over!" she said.

"All over!" he replied, looking up.

But I will not weary you with the scene in which the wretched man, a Greek renegade, related how he had bought Zoe—how he had loved her, and made her his wife—how they had travelled in far countries—how he was jealous, even as he acknowledged, without cause—and how, in a fit of madness, he had slain the mother of his child.—When he had finished, he led the bewildered Silver-Voice to the cradle, and, thrusting aside the curtains, disclosed the miniature counterpart of Zoe,

sleeping as if it had been lulled into deeper slumber by its mother's death-cries. Then stealing towards the corpse, with the steps of one about to commit a new crime, he snatched a hasty kiss, and rushed away. What became of him was never known. Silver-Voice performed the last duties for poor Zoe, and took the child under her care.—Since that time she has almost always continued to live in the house from the roof of which she heard her sister's cry; and, though apparently rational in every thing else, never fails to go up every evening and sing the song she used to sing of old, though in a more plaintive and despairing tone. If asked wherefore she acts in this wise, her reply is that she is seeking for her sister Zoe, and nobody attempts to contradict the harmless delusion.

WHAT BECAME OF A HUSBAND

WHO WAS MISSING TWENTY YEARS.

WE take the following curious narration from an article in "Household Words."

The owner of an estate in Manchester, some time in the first half of the last century, married young; he and his wife had several children, and lived together in a quiet state of happiness for many years. At last, business of some kind took the husband up to London—a week's journey in those days. He wrote and announced his arrival; I do not think he ever wrote again. He seemed to be swallowed up in the abyss of the Metropolis, for no friend (and the lady had many and powerful friends) could ever ascertain for her what had become of him; the prevalent idea was that he had been attacked by some of the street robbers who prowled about in those days, that he had resisted, and had been murdered. His wife gradually gave up all hopes of seeing him again, and devoted herself to the care of her children; and so they went on, tranquilly enough, until the heir became of age, when certain deeds were necessary before he could legally take possession of the property. These deeds Mr. S— (the family lawyer) stated had been given up by him into the missing gentleman's keeping just before the last mysterious journey to London, with which I think they were in some way concerned. It was possible that they were still in existence; some one in London might have them in possession, and be either conscious or unconscious of their importance. At any rate, Mr. S—'s advice to his client was that he should put an advertisement in the London papers, worded so skilfully that any one who might hold the important documents should understand to what it referred, and no else.—This was accordingly done; and, although repeated at intervals, for some time it met with no success. But, at last, a mysterious answer was sent, to the effect that the deeds were in existence, and should be given up; but only on certain conditions, and to the heir himself. The young man, in consequence, went up to London; adjourned, according to directions, to an old house in Barbican; where he was told by a man, apparently awaiting him, that he must submit to be blindfolded, and must follow his guidance. He was taken through several long passages before he left the house; at the termination of one of these he was put into a sedan-chair, and carried about for an hour or more; he always reported that there were many turnings, and, that he imagined he was set down at last, finally not very far from his starting point.

When his eyes were unbandaged, he was in a sitting-room, while tokens of family occupation lying about. A middle-aged gentleman entered and told him that, until a certain time had elapsed (which should be indicated to him in a particular way, but of which the length was not then named,) he must swear to secrecy as to the means by which he obtained possession of the deeds.—This oath was taken; and then the gentleman, not without some emotion, acknowledged himself to be the missing father of the heir. It seems that he had fallen in love with a damsel, a friend of the person with whom he lodged. To this young woman he had represented himself as unmarried; she listened willingly to his wooing, and her father, who was a shop-keeper in the city, was not averse to the match, as the Lancashire squire had a goodly presence, and many similar qualities, which the shop-keeper thought might be acceptable to his customers. The bargain was struck; the descendant of a knightly race married the only daughter of the city shop-keeper, and became the junior partner in the business. He told his son that he had never repented the step he had taken; that his lowly-born wife was sweet, docile, and affectionate; that his family by her was frugal, and that he and they were thriving and happy. He inquired after his first (or rather, I should say, his true) wife with friendly affection; approved of what she had done with regard to his estate, and the education of his children; but said that he considered he was dead to her, as she was to him. When he really died, he promised that a particular message, the nature of which he specified, should be sent to his son at Garrat; until then they would not hear more of each other; for it was of no use attempting to trace him under his incognito, even if the oath did not render such an attempt forbidden. I dare say the youth had no great desire to trace out the father, who had been one in name only. He returned to Lancashire; took possession of the property at Manchester; and many years elapsed before he received the mysterious information of his father's real death.

CATHARINE HAYES:—SUCCESS IN LONDON.

IT was in 1849 that Miss Hayes first appeared before a London public, and tested the hardest, and, in some respects, chillest circle of musical critics which at that time decided a singer's destinies in any of the capitals of modern Europe. She had been successful in Italy, the land of song; yet this was a reason which had acted upon the English critics in a manner decidedly hostile to her success. They considered that, as an English singer, she ought first to have appealed to their judgement; and as they had no opportunity of forming a fair estimate of her powers, they arrived at the charitable conclusion that she was a mere operatic "nobody." At least, such was the opinion of Davison and Hastings, with whom I had been conversing on the morning anterior to her debut before the London public, and the conclusion to which was:

"Well, whatever you may say, I intend going and judging for myself. When Jenny Lind first appeared, I was led astray. I almost defied her, and only found out my mistake when she made her grand *jeu* in Norma. However, she was a

great singer. I can only say that, for Delafield's sake, I hope Catherine Hayes's may be as great a success. It will do his pockets good, and stave off ruin for some time from his door."

Such was the wish of the critic of the *Times*, a journal which had all along been favourable to Covent Garden; and if such was the opinion of the English "Thunderer," I may safely leave it to my readers to divine what was the opinion of the remainder of the press.

Nor, indeed, was it, at this time, the easiest of things for a new singer to make her first appearance in London with a reasonable hope of achieving such a reputation as all youthful aspirants to operatic renown naturally desire. Every avenue at this time seemed closed upon them. At the one house were Grisi, that old and worthily-established empress over all the grander and more serious creations of the lyric poet; Veardot Garcia, the sister of that musical prodigy, Malibram; Albani, as pre-eminently the queen of the *contraltos*, as Grisi and Jenny Lind where the rulers of the *soprani*; while at Her Majesty's Theatre were Jenny Lind and Sontag, (the Countess Rossi,) Augri, and Parodi. Persiani's was the solitary voice which had sung that season its last notes upon the English stage, and had retired to make way for the new comer. Nevertheless, Catherine Hayes had made up her mind to appear, and to succeed, and I, who knew what she could do, was certain of her success. The opera which had been selected for her was the *Lucia del Lammermoor*, and in this opera her power over an audience was to be determined. As I believe, Mario performed the part of Edgardo Ravenswood, Tamburini that of the brother of Lucia, and the Scotch pastor was committed to Herr Formes.

I was betimes at the Opera, and, indeed, it was well for the appearance, on that evening, of the first English singer who had ever sung in the Italian opera under her own name, had drawn together a crowd which, although by no means so great as that which had attended Jenny Lind's debut at Her Majesty's Theatre when the war between Covent Garden and that establishment was in the first flush of its activity, was, nevertheless, sufficient to rob many an individual, who was pushed into the gallery, of his coat-tails, and, in one or two instances, of his pocket-book or gold watch.

However, I found my way into the theatre, and into Grisi's box, whom I discovered already there, and whose style of criticism I partly depended on to reveal the class of success with Catherine Hayes was likely to have.

"Have you heard her at rehearsal?" I asked, after our first salutation had passed.

"No, but Signor Mario has done so."

"And what does he think of her?"

"That she may possibly do."

Ah, thought I, does he? Then I am certain that she will succeed; otherwise you would not have been here to gauge her success in person.

We then began to talk of indifferent matters, till at length the orchestra had terminated the overture, and the curtain had drawn up. Of course, on the entrance of Miss Hayes, there was a general burst of applause. Such is however, a regular attendant of an *entree* upon the stage, be the artist good, or bad or indifferent; and warm as this was, I could but set it down to the impulse of

citizenship, which certainly sets in as strongly in England as in any place in the world. I then watched Grisi. She evidently looked with distrust on Miss Hayes, fearing any new corner of promise who might tread somewhat too closely upon the grounds which she had heretofore filled. Bending down her own magnificent head and brow behind the curtains of her box, which were slightly drawn, she was apparently absorbed in the performance. A burst of applause shook the house, in which she joined and slightly clapped her hands.

"Then you think her an artist, Signora?" I asked.

"*Si si*. Would she be here were she not?" was the answer; "but what is the matter with Mario? He must have a cold."

The truth was, Mario was never in better voice, and the Signora was beginning to get out of temper at his singing so well with one whom she felt was coming somewhat too near her vocal throne to be a very comfortable neighbour; and yet I know not why this should be so. Had Grisi used her senses, she would never have been jealous of Miss Hayes, who possesses a *physique* which no more than Jenny Lind's fits her to compete with her rival in the line of characters which is so exclusively her own. To Jenny, had she not then retired from the stage, she would have been a far more dangerous rival. Her best characters are precisely those which Grisi has never of late attempted. The *Sonnambula*, the *Lucia* the *Linda du Chamounix*, and others of those exquisite musical creations which may be called the melodrama of opera, are her great parts; while *Semiramide* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, and some others, are left to the more purely tragical powers of her Italian peer.

"And what is the matter now?"

It was simply that Catharine Hayes had burst into an outpouring of ornament which was of the best and most thoroughly *recherche* class.

"What extremely bad taste," said Grisi.

Just then Davison came into the box.

"And what does Monsieur Davison think of her?" asked the great cantatrice.

"Conscientiously?" asked Davison.

"*Per Dio*. Certainly."

"That she is a very excellent singer."

"Indeed!" was Grisi's answer as she turned from this unwelcome exponent of public opinion, once more to the stage.

When at length the curtain fell on the first act, Davison and myself quitted the box, and hurried behind the scenes. Miss Hayes was however, already in her retiring-room, and we consequently had not the gratification of seeing her. After talking for a few moments with Mario, who was standing on the stage, I encountered Ronconi, the ablest artist *per se*, although one of the least favoured by nature with physical capabilities, I have yet met with in opera. He caught me by the hand, and dragged me into the corner of the stage.

"What do you think of Grisi's last message to Mario?" he asked.

"What was it?"

"That he had an uncontrollable fit of hoarseness making itself evident, and that he had better not over-exert himself."

I burst into a hearty fit of laughter. To tell the truth, Grisi must have been speedy in sending this intimation to him, to have anticipated our

arrival on the stage; and when we again entered the theatre, we found her box vacant. She could not stop to see the triumph of the new soprano fairly achieved, and was consequently compelled to absent herself from its termination.

On turning to Davison I said, "You can see what Grisi thinks of 'the' Hayes. What do you? or, rather, that you have told me, but what shall you say about her?" for I was quite aware that a critic has sometimes one class of opinions for his friends and another for the public, as if he thought the former might spoil by too general a circulation.

"What I think?"

"And that is—," I continued, or I was anxious for her success, and wanted to pin him to the fact.

"That she really is a great artist—the greatest English one I have ever heard, and, indeed, one of the four or five greatest continental ones which have appeared in our time. But let us hear the second act, which is already begun."

I hurried up to his box with him, when we had the satisfaction of seeing "the" Hayes complete her triumph most unmistakably, and take her stand that evening as the second contribution given by England to the lyric stage of Italy, whose unquestionable genius was likely to render it a permanent gift for the period during which her voice was likely to last. Indeed, nothing could well have been more marked and more decided than her success. Suffice it, that it at once established her as a public favorite, and placed her in a proud position, as far as regarded her present career. On this she has steadily advanced, until at the present moment she may be regarded as the only singer who fills a similar place in England to that which was occupied by Jenny Lind, and from which she is little likely to be displaced so long as it concurs with her own wishes to sustain it. This I confess, I have but little fear of her failing to do, such a delight, a real and abundant one, does she feel in the use of that divinity of all gifts—the gift of melody. R.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

VISIT OF LAFAYETTE. TO THE CAPITAL OF UNITED STATES.

BY ARTHUR J. STANSBURY.

WHILE Mr. Adams was President, Lafayette closed his memorable visit to the United States. Such a prolonged ovation never was enjoyed by man before. From the moment he set his foot upon our shores, until he embarked to be borne to his native land, at every step he was met by some new demonstration of national gratitude, and though the perpetual repetitions of them may have created fatigue, and at length rendered them burdensome, yet even the endurance was but a labor of love, and while the body may have sunk, at night, into much-needed and welcome slumber, there must have fallen a balm upon the heart which more than repaid the toil. He had, it is true, to make many speeches, and to utter, in substance, the same speech again and again; but what were these but the benedictions of a patriarch returning the loving salutations of a wide spread and beloved progeny. Indeed it was truly said by Mr. Clay, in that eloquent address of welcome which no man that heard it can ever wholly forget, that he "stood in the midst of posterity;" and whole generation

had, to him, unconsciously passed away, and he found, in the gratitude of their children, the verdict of history upon his own actions; a feast rarely presented to the human heart. He felt it deeply. All who ever afterwards visited LaGrange, found, in their welcome there, the echo of that which had met its owner here. On his hall table lay a ponderous MS. folio, in which were recorded, at length and in the most beautifully-written characters, all the public addresses made to him in America, from the sublime Salutory of Clay, to the no less able and appropriate Valedictory of Adams. It was my happiness to hear both of these masterpieces of composition. The first I reported; the last I enjoyed as a listener merely. It was delivered at the Presidential mansion, in the large hall, (which was not then as now, shut in with an awkward partition, marring its proportions, and rendering it a little better than a deformity.) Mr. Adams, supported on either hand by the members of his cabinet, and surrounded by a number of distinguished men, stood a short distance in front of the entrance to the Reception Room; while Lafayette, accompanied by his son, secretary, and a select company of friends, advanced from the front door, and presenting himself respectfully before the President, received and replied to the address. It was delivered *memoriter*, with great emphasis, spirit and feeling. The reply was in the happiest style of one who, though speaking in a language not his own, was eminent for the ease and felicity with which he spoke in public. I have heard him repeatedly, and never witnessed the slightest embarrassment or hesitation, but, on the contrary, was struck with the choice and propriety of his language. He spoke in a distinct tone, and with what his countrymen would call an *empressment*, eminently fitted to the occasion. At the close they approached each other, and extending their arms, fell into a loving embrace, and ended by repeatedly kissing each other on the cheek. I knew this to be the French custom, yet I believe it took all by surprise. Had it not been for the raised tone of the whole proceeding, it might have excited a smile; as it was, it did but carry feeling to its height, and form an appropriate conclusion to a scene so interesting and solemn.

Having mentioned Lafayette, you will pardon me, if I can run into one of my rambling digressions, and tell you one or two things about his reception into our city. The hour of his coming being known, he was met and escorted into the city by the usual military cavalcade and concourse of citizens; but as he entered the enclosure before the eastern portico of Capitol, he was met by a sweet little company of young girls, dressed in white and decorated with garlands of flowers, each bearing a banner inscribed with the name of one of the States; while one of their number, advancing as spokes-woman, delivered, in the clear musical voice of childhood, a short but appropriate address, to which the old soldier listened with delighted attention, and which he honored with a suitable reply; and then with the ready gallantry of his nation, stooped down and kissed them all.

On the eastern portico was erected the veritable marquee under which Washington sat during the campaigns of the Revolution. It has been carefully kept by his descendant, Mr. Custis, of Arlington, and is still in good preservation. Its pro-

duction on this occasion was a particularly beautiful and appropriate incident, inasmuch as it was under this very tent that the young Lafayette was first received by the leader of the American armies. Here a large company awaited his coming; but the solemnity of the scene was marred by a very ludicrous occurrence. An old officer, who had repeatedly made loud mention of his having served under Lafayette in the Revolution, and who was obviously ambitious of a scene at a meeting with his old commander, held himself in readiness as the General and his suite ascended the stone steps leading to the platform of the portico, and as they reached the top, threw himself with loud exclamations and a flood of tears, into the arms of his long-remembered comrade in the cause of American liberty. "Ah, my dear General," sobbed he, "I should have known you in the ends of the earth!" The by-standers were much affected, of course, by so moving a scene, until they saw the French gentleman who had been so warmly hugged and so well remembered, extricate himself with some difficulty from the embraces of the enthusiastic veteran, observing to him, with some embarrassment—"That is General Lafayette, sir." It was his secretary, a comparatively young man, who had never been in America before. I need not add that the tears of the company were soon changed to a laughter which no efforts could wholly repress.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS

For the Rural Repository.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

No. 3.

I HAVE been to Niagara. The prevailing impression was disappointment. Either the scene did not agree with my preconceptions of it, or this feeling was caused by a suspension of the imaginative faculties, which had, before seeing it, revelled in the long expected magnificence of the scene.

I stood on the Table Rock, but experienced none of those feelings of terror and awe said to be excited by standing on this giddy height. It may be that my cautiousness was quieted by seeing a young lady very calmly walk to the edge of the rock, and look over into the abyss below. It was an act I should not have dared to imitate.

After leaving the Falls, the bustle of preparation for a trip to the upper lakes, removed the remembrance of them from my mind, and I suppose that for the next twenty four hours I hardly remembered that there was such a place.

But now that it is past and imagination claims it as rightful property, it returns with more than its former sublimity and grandeur. Its monotonous roar still seems to ring in my ears, and the eddying waters still dance before my vision. Although the Fall of itself is an unapproachable and incomparable object of native grandeur, yet the scenery which surrounds it, did not give me those vivid impressions of sublimity and beauty, which were roused by the scenery at the lower Genesee falls; the deep gorge and the precipitous sides seemed to arouse more startling conceptions of the terrible, which also heightened the effect of the sublime.

One cause which assists to weaken the first impressions of Niagara is the magnitude of the whole scene,—the breadth of the river, the quantity of water, the height of the falls, the velocity of the

stream, the ruggedness, sublimity and extent of the surrounding scenery. We lack some meaner objects in the landscape to suggest a comparison, and thus it is, that on leaving the scene and contrasting it with other objects, that it appears in its true and native grandeur.

The Steamer E—, on which I engaged passage, was pretty heavily laden with freight and passengers; and among the contrivances on board to add to the comfort and safety of the passengers, was an iron Life-boat capable of holding twenty persons. This, when we take into consideration that the Steamer carries from six to eight hundred passengers, will appear a benevolent provision against accidents. As times are this shows a due regard for the passengers' safety and a desire to mitigate the dangers to which the travelling public are exposed.

I do not know whether it is the air on the lakes that makes men more argumentative, or that the lakes are looked upon as a fair field of discussion, but I have heard it stated, and I have seen much to convince me, that religious tenets furnish a common topic of dispute while travelling on those inland seas. I was much interested the day after we left Buffalo in listening to a disputation between one who appeared by his discourse to be a Methodist, and one whom I judged to be what is called a moralist.

The moralist was evidently no better than a Deist, for he affirmed that God so framed the world as to need no future interposition of Divine power; that there were no imperfections which would require him to exert his power to prevent the work of his own hands being destroyed. On this point the moralist was soon silenced by one or two well directed texts which struck right home.

The discussion then turned towards persecution; and the moralist compared the persecutions of the early Christians with the persecutions which the minority always suffer from the majority: this led to the persecution of the Mormons, the moralist deprecating the persecutions they had met with in a Christian community. The Methodist justified it on the ground of their social, not religious sins. He said that they had claimed land and taken property without paying for it.

The moralist was evidently losing ground, and said that he had never seen such to be proven, but even if was the case he said they should have the same protection of the laws which is accorded to known criminals and murderers.

At this junction a man evidently excited elbowed his way through the bystanders, and with great good humor challenged the Methodist to support his assertion respecting the Mormons. He said that he himself had contributed money which had been paid for the land, &c., and that no one had been wronged.

The last comer was a short thick-set man with a very large head and a bright good-humored black eye. He was evidently a favorite at once; and the skill, good humor and ease with which he threw in texts, illustrations and comments, evidently gained him favor with his audience.

The discussion then took a more general turn. The Mormon being well skilled in Scripture argument, gave the prophetic passages a practical explanation which appealed more to the common sense of his auditors; and the feeling among the disinterested and ungodly, was evidently in his

favor. The one reason of the success which attends the Mormon preaching, is the practical manner with which they illustrate Scripture; as the majority of mankind like that better which appeals to the reason rather than the feelings.

Like every other religious discussion, they ended where they both began, each being more confirmed in his own persuasion.

On the fifth day we arrived in Wisconsin.

Racine, Wisconsin.

J. D. C.

For the Rural Repository.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

HAVING had some little experience in teaching, and feeling a deep interest in the great work, I offer for the consideration of instructors younger than myself, a few observations on Public Schools, their management, etc.

The School is a field for moral and intellectual action, far surpassing any other excepting the social parterre of the family. There, with pleasure we behold the mental plant gradually, though surely, approximating towards the grand, the universal desideratum—maturity. Do the storms of prejudice threaten to overwhelm it, and to sunder its blossoms from the stalk? We, as much as possible, should screen and shelter the frail one from harm. Do the rains refuse to descend upon it, and the vivifying dews neglect to perform their accustomed deed of charity? We may repair to the inexhaustible springs, the "water brooks" of life, and returning, bid the drooping leaves and the famishing roots revive.

But permit me to pen a paragraph relative to the management of schools. The remarks which I may make on the subject, with all respect I submit to the judgment of my intelligent Reader.

If a school is to be managed, there must be a manager, one fully competent, irrespective of foreign aid, to discharge the duties coming within his responsible sphere; one who is not so palpably a fool that he cannot choose, use, or refuse a textbook without previously consulting the "Superintending Committee," or referring the case to some eminent attorney.

The school-manager, that is, the teacher, should be possessed of a kind and an affectionate disposition. He should not be too fond of using compulsory means to enforce obedience. As well may the cold winds of February seek to melt the snows of January, as the teacher to subdue a sullen, refractory youth by threats intended to intimidate, or the execution of threats designed to break down the ungovernable spirit.

Beware! oh, teacher, beware! BEWARE! The plant which the great Horticulturist has commanded you to rear is tender; therefore, if one of its branches incline to shoot towards the shade, it will not answer to seize it suddenly and with stern violence, in order to change the direction of its growth. Thus doing you might injure the branch, and thereby eventually destroy the entire plant. Rather, patiently examine the envious; for, it may be that some poisonous weed flourishes between the object of your solicitude and the beams of the glorious orb of light and warmth. Remove the offender, but I pray you spare the offended.

Excuse my presumption, kind Reader, if I am giving advice which appertains to the province of older, and, consequently, more mature minds.

Yet, I contend that if the elder will not proffer needed counsel, the younger must. Again. Imagine not that I allude to any individual member of the great school of our country. Far from it. I have merely drawn a picture. I leave the inference to another.

ISAAC COBB.

Hudson, September, 1851.

For the Rural Repository.

RAMBLES ABOUT ALBANY.

BY GEO. S. L. STARKS.

THE cost of the Capital, which is built of stone, was \$120,000. The City Hall, a more beautiful structure and one distinguished by its glided dome like the *Hotel des Invalides* at Paris, is formed of white marble, hewed out by the prisoners at Sing Sing. It contains two elegant designs in *basso relievo*, commemorative the one of De Witt Clinton, the other of Sir Walter Scott. The material of the State Hall is brick and stone, tho' it is faced with marble from Mount Pleasant. One of the most interesting places to visit, and one which every one coming to Albany should not fail, to see both inside and out, is the Normal School building, on the corner of Lodge and Howard sts. The object of this school is well known—to elevate the standard of education among our teachers.—Noble undertaking! and which ought to be accomplished. How far below the true mark are attainments of many of these instructors, to whom are committed the best interests of a generation in its plastic condition. To a greater extent than careless parents like to allow, this person, be his talents many or few, determines the future of the child, whether it shall become a blessing, or a curse to the race. The institution now contains some 200 students, and there are from 26 to 36 graduates at each semi-annual term. The board of instruction consists of nine members, Mr. Perkins being the Principal. Connected with the school is, what is termed, the "Experimental Department, containing 88 pupils of from 6 to 16 years of age. The design of this is to enable the Normal Scholars to prove by *practice* what they learn in *theory*. The building is about two years old and cost \$25,000.

I ought to mention also that there are here 11 representatives as the "original proprietors" of the soil. Several of these—I speak from a personal acquaintance—are possessed of rather superior talents. It is to be hoped that this benefaction of the state may prove eminently useful to the remnant of the renowned but ill-fated Six Nations.

A thoroughly Dutch city is Albany—in some respects at least—spite of the tide of emigration inrolling from every clime. The descendants of the sturdy yeoman and buxom *vrouws* who came from the land of dikes and dams, still occupy places in authority, and many an honest old Dutch burgher still smokes his paternal pipe in peace, though I grieve to say that pipes are going out of fashion. But few are the monuments now remaining of that by gone time of which Diedrick Knickerbocker sings. In fact I do not remember a single one. However, some of the wholesome customs which prevailed in the "golden age" when Wouter Van Twiller ruled in the New Netherlands, still bear sway in Beaverwyck, the Albany of later days.

Albany, Aug. 1851.

MISCELLANY.

THE LENT PAPER.

"JOHN what has become of last week's paper?" inquired Mrs. C. of her husband,

"James brought it home on Saturday evening; but neighbor N—and wife being here, he laid it on the parlor table."

"O, N—has got the paper, I remember now of lending it to him."

"I am very sorry for that; I think you do very wrong, husband, in lending the papers before we have read them. He who takes a paper and pays for it is certainly entitled to the first perusal of it."

"Yes, but N—asked me to lend it, and how could I refuse so kind and obliging a neighbor. I am sure he would lend me his if he took one and I should want to borrow."

"Don't N—take a paper?" inquired Mrs. C. with surprise.

"No."

"Why not?" He is, as he says, very fond of reading."

"Yes, but he seems to think himself unable to pay for one."

"Unable! He is certainly as able as we are.—He pays a much larger tax: and he is almost always bragging of his superior cattle, and—"

"Hush, wife! It is wrong to speak of our neighbor's faults behind his back. He promised to return the paper to-day."

"I hope he will. It contains an excellent article that I desire much to read."

Mrs. C. was an excellent lady, and probably possessed as liberal feelings as her peace-loving husband; but she could not believe it to be their duty to furnish a free paper for their more wealthy yet covetous neighbor.

N—had formerly taken a paper, but thinking it too expensive, to the no small discomfiture of his wife and children, he had ordered its discontinuance. He however dearly loved to read, and had for a year or more been in the habit of sending "little Joe" on the disagreeable errand of borrowing old papers of his neighbors.

Mrs. C. waited patiently during the day, expecting soon to see little Joe coming in with the papers; but the day passed, as likewise did the evening, and no paper came.

The next morning, after breakfast she was heard to say, "well, John, the paper has not been returned yet."

"Ah, indeed. I guess neighbor N—has either forgotten his promise, or is absent from home," replied Mr. C.

"I think," she continued, "we had better send James down after it."

"Would it not be best, wife, to wait until afternoon? N—may return it before that time."

"As you think best," was the submissive reply.

They waited until nearly dark, but no paper made its appearance. James, a lad of ten years was instructed to proceed to neighbor N—'s and get the paper. He soon arrived, and made known his errand. He was very politely informed that it was lent to R—, the blacksmith, who lived about half-a-mile further on. James, unto return without, it, resolve to continue on to the blacksmith's.

It was quite dark when he arrived, but he soon made his business known, and was informed by Mrs. R—that "little sis got hold of the paper, and tore it all up."

"I'll take the fragments," said James, who was for having nothing lost.

"The fragments, Jim?" exclaimed Mrs. R—"Old Donk, the pedlar came along here to-day, and I sold 'em with the paper rags."

James, somewhat dispirited by his unsuccessful mission, and not being very courageous in the dark, silently beat a hasty retreat for home, where he in due season arrived and reported the result of his errand.—

"Ah!" very composedly remarked Mr. C.

"I suppose R—asked neighbor N—to lend him the paper, and he did not like to deny him. We cannot, I think, justly accuse either of doing intentional wrong; and one paper," continued he, "is of little value."

"You may argue N—'s case as you please," replied Mrs. C., "but be assured of one thing."

"What is that?" asked Mr. C. with evident fear.

"Nothing, only neighbor N—will not long be at the inconvenience of troubling people for old papers."

In about three weeks after this conversation.—N—was informed by the Postmaster that he had a paper in the office. He was highly pleased at the announcement, but he could not think who was so very kind as to send him the paper.—After many conjectures, however, he came to the conclusion that it was some friend that he had assisted in former years.

One year had passed; the papers continued to come, and N—was still ignorant from whence they came; but being one day at "a hauling," he informed his neighbors of his good fortune, and expressed some fear that he should have to do without a paper soon.

"No you won't," said James C. in a loud tone of voice; "for mother sent on two dollars more for you last week."

"Well done, Jim!" shouted a dozen voices, while a simultaneous roar of laughter rang along the line of teamsters. F—, who had previous to this announcement been remarkably cheerful and talkative, became suddenly silent, while a deep red color, the emblem of shame, mantled his brow. This was a good lesson for N—. Early next morning he went and paid Mrs. C. the four dollars, acknowledged his error, and was never afterwards known to take less than two weekly papers.

HAPPY JACK.—HIS STORY.

WHAT a laughing gasometer is that Happy Jack! From the day his ma-ma cheated him out of his pap to the day Domingos, the steward of the Independence, cheated him out of his grog, his has evidently been a life of good humor. There seems to be an inexhaustible reservoir of fun at the outer corner of each eye. It is liberally let out through ever-acting escape pipes, and it magnetizes with good humor, all who come within the sphere of its influence.

Happy Jack being called out and sworn, he gave his canvass trousers a jerk, putting himself in a kind of rocking motion, bearing on one foot now and then on another, so as to steady himself

on the deck of the court, and scratching his head with his left hand, put on one of his peculiar leers, which set the court in a roar of laughter.

Recorder. "Go on, Jack, and state how you came on board the Independence, and what occurred while you were there."

Jack. "Why, your honor, I went on board, quite in a nat'ral way; the captain wanted hands, I wanted employment, and so we closed a bargain."

"Did any of his hands leave him, Jack?"

"Yes, the cook and a boy that was on board."

"Why did the cook leave?"

"He got dhrunk; it was a nat'rol waykness he was addicted to."

"Well, then the boy; what became of him?"

"O, faith, he was taken in the same way; he got dhrunk too." (General laughter, in which the court joined.)

"Well, Jack, tell us now what passed on board."

"O, faith, there did a mighty dale pass on board, and as I didn't make a log-book of my brain, I don't know that I could raypeat it now.—Be afther askin' me any question you like, and I'll thry to answer you."

"Well, did you see any arms on board while you were at the Chandeliers?"

"Divil an arm I saw but that long barrel gun and a sword."

"Then you were never in the cabin?"

"Niver but twice I poked me head down there to ask for grog."

"How did you occupy your time?"

"Sometimes I used to go ashore to get milk, but I was ginerally fishing for crabs, and whin I'd stoop down to catch'em, *wouldn't* they all run away?" (Laughter.)

"Well, you used to see the French pennant hung out, did you not? Did they say what it was done for?"

"Yis, they said it was a signal for dinner, and I must only say that if it was, they took their mails (meals) mighty irregular." (Laughter.)

"Who used to raise it and take it down?"

"Why, that interestin', handsome looking shipmate of mine there, (pointing to Domingos, the Spaniard) used to. 'Pon me sowl, I often thought the original intintion of naythur was pervarted in not making a hangman of him, or giving him some gintel employment of that kind." (Loud laughter.)

"Did you see the black flag—the pirate's flag—while you were on board?"

"Troth, you may take your davy (your oath) I didn't, for if I did, you wouldn't catch me there."

"Why; you wouldn't be afraid of it, would you?"

"Yis; I'd as soon sleep in a church-yard, or a house haunted with *sperits* as be on board the vessel where it would be, it has such a queer, cut-throats kind of appearance."

"Well, did you see the armour of the steel cap on board?"

"I niver saw it in all me born days till I saw it in court here yisterday."

"What do you think of them?"

"I think the cap 'ud be a mighty convaynient thing for a man to have on his head at Donneybrook Fair when a *scrimmage* (a fight) 'ud be-

gin; and if a gentlemint wint to decide a pint of honor wth pistols at tin paces, he might find the armor of more use than a Murcell (Marseille) waistcoat." (Immoderate laughter.)

"Did you ever hear Domingos abuse Thompson, or threaten him?"

"Yis, I did."

"What used he to say?"

"Why, he always spoke in Spanish, or some other outlandish tongue, and as I niver took the trouble of larnin' the vulgar languages, I didn't understand him."

"How did he look?"

Here the prisoner looked at the counsel who put the question, then at Monoel, and again at the counsel, and burst out into one of his droll laughs—in which he was joined by those in court—as much as to say—"Don't ask me, but look at him;" and recovering himself, he said—

"How did he look?—why he looked us he looks now—as ill-humored as if he sat to a painter for a portrait of a man who wanted his bitthers, had no tick, and couldn't make a raise of three cents."

"What countryman are you, Jack?"

"A Dublin boy, your honor; the first fish I iver tasted was a Rings'-Ends cockle."

"You may stand aside, Jack."

In fact, the four prisoners were strictly examined, and it was found that they were not only not guilty of any evil action, but of any evil design, and they were discharged.

THE WIFE'S NIGHTCAP.

MR.—, who doesn't live more than a mile from the post office in this city, met some 'northern friends with southern principles," the other evening, and in extending to them the hospitalities of the "Crescent City," visited so many of our princely saloons and "Marble Halls," imbibing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, that he had "a brick to his hat." Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, and finds but one fault with him.—That is his too frequent visits to the places where those "bricks" are obtained.

After leaving his friends Mr.— paused a moment, took his bearings, and having shaped his course, on the principle that continued angles meet, made sail for home. In due course of time he arrived there, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened to find his lady sitting up for him. She always does. She *sould* when he came in. That also, she always does.

"How are you, dear E?" she said—"you staid out so late, that I feared you had taken sick."

"Hick ain't sick wife—b-but don't you th-think I'm—a little t-tight?"

A very little, perhaps, my dear—but that is nothing, you have so many friends, as *you* say, you must join them in a glass once in a while!"

"Wife you're too good—th-the truth is, I'm d—d—d drunk!"

"O, no, indeed, my dear—I'm sure that another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose you 'ake a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap, dear!"

"You are too kind, my dear, by half—I know I'm d-drunk!"

"O, no—only a julep too much, love, that's all!"

"Yes—juleps—McMasters makes such stiff-uns!"

"Well—take a glass of ale at any rate—it can't hurt you, dear; I want one before I retire!"

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the sideboard, she put into one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glasses with foaming ale, she handed one to her husband.

Suspicion came cloudily over his mind. She never before had been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass—raised it to his lips—then hesitated.

"Dear w-won't you just taste to made it sweet—sweeter!" said he.

"Certainly love," replied the lady taking a mouthful, which she was careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot tub of water before an easy chair, as if intending to bathe her beautiful little feet therein.—But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them. The husband began to *feel*, and he wanted to retire.

"Wait only a few minutes, dear," said his loving spouse; "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta, I found it in your pocket."

A few minutes more elapsed, and then—and then—oh ye Dan o' the lake what a time! The husband was placed in the easy chair. He began to understand why the tub was there; he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair, the brick had left his hat. It has't been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep, he can't bear Scotch ale, but he is *death on lemonade*. He loves his wife better than ever.

Reader this is a truthful story. Profit by its moral.

PUZZLING A YANKEE.

"AMERICANS," says that gen newspaper, the *Yankee Blade*, "are an inquisitive people;" yet, from the very necessity which this engenders, there is no person who better understands the art of parrying and baffling inquisitiveness in another than a Yankee. We were quite amused, recently by an account given by a city friend of a colloquy which came off in a country village through which he was traveling, between himself and one of the "natives," who manifested an itching curiosity to pry into his affairs.

"How de dew!" exclaimed the latter, bustling up to him, as he alighted for a few moments at a hotel—"reckon I've seen you somewhere 'fore now?"

"Oh, yes, was the answer, no doubt; I have been there often, in my life."

"S'pose you are going to—" (expecting the name of the place to be supplied.)

"Just so—I go there regularly once a year."

"And you've just come from—"

"Exactly, sir, you are entirely right that is my place of residence."

"Really now, dew tell! I s'pose you are a law-

yer, or may be a trader, or perhaps some other profession or calling?"

"Yes, I have always pursued some one of those professions."

"Got business in the country eh?"

"Yes, I am at this time engaged in traveling."

"I see by your trunk you are from Boston, anything stirring in Boston?"

"Yes, men and women, horses and carriages and a furious northeaster."

"You don't say so! Well, I declare now, you are tarnal cute. What d'ye think they'll do with Sims?"

"Why, sir, it is my opinion that they'll either beliver him up to the claimant, or let him free."

"You've had a monstrous sight of rain in Boston—bid an awful sight damage, I s'pose?"

"Yes, it wet all the buildings, and made the streets damp—very damp, indeed!"

"Didn't old Fannil Hall get a soaking?"

"No, they hauled it on the Common, under the Liberty Tree."

"You're a circus chap, I guess; you are kinder foolin." Pray, Mister, if it's a civil question, what might be your name?"

"It might be Smith or Brown, but it is not by a long chalk. The fact is, sir, I never had a name. When I was born, my mother was so busy that she forgot to name me, and soon after I was swapped away by mistake for another boy, and am now just about applying to the Legislature for a name. When I get it, I will send you my card. Good morning, sir!"

And so saying, the speaker jumped into his carriage, and drove off, leaving the Paul Pry of the place scratching his head in bewilderment, and evidently in more perplexity than ere he had commenced his catechizings.

FAME AND NOTORIETY.

THERE is an obvious distinction between honorable fame and mere notoriety. The former is the pure prompting of a natural sentiment when corrupted by self love, and guided by neither sound sense, nor morality.

Look at this preacher, as he styles himself, of the word of truth. Instead of seeking to save souls, he seeks to gain applause. How violent his gestures, how impassioned his tone! Men run after him, as they would after a show of wild beasts, and he has gained his object. But whether that object be worthy of pursuit or not, will appear when he gives up his account to his master: "Lord I made thy sheep follow me, but I led them not unto thy fold."

Let this writer next be noticed. He supposes, and justly, too, that oddities of language will attract notice. On his pages flourish such words as these: time-clement—uncreating—all-creating, macaronic, brahminical, &c. He prates of everlasting now and omnipresent here, of subjectivity, and objectivity, and of forty other things, of which he has no conception. The world gape and wonder, he feels gratified, but it is doubtful whether his reader are benefitted.

But, to come nearer home. One young man affects to be a genius, brags much of quickness at learning, writes for the newspaper, despises amusements, studies singularity, dresses like a sloven, and thus endeavors to draw attention upon himself. Another, perhaps, takes a different course;

he feels proud of his ignorance is fond of the follies of fashion, apes the manners of greater fools than himself, has his wrist-bands projecting precisely six tenths of an inch beyond his cuffs, smokes a cigar occasionally during the day, and spends much of his time in saying, "dem it," and in spitting.

A moment's reflection will lead any man of sense to give up this unworthy longing after notoriety. He who is thus attracting public attention is not always a public favorite; he seldom feels himself satisfied; and he certainly is losing the regards of that man who makes usefulness his prime object and fame but secondary.

WITTY RETORT.

We were not a little amused by the reply of a lady recently on a Western steamer, to who sought to laugh at her expense.

A group of ladies were seated on one of the guards of a steamer which was ploughing her way down the Mississippi, round one of the numerous bends, and just where the penal establishment of one of the States occupies a prominent position on the point, and is seen in both front and rear, by the traveller, on opposite sides from the point.

Rounding the point, one of the ladies inquiring of her companion what that magnificent structure was.

"That, madam, is the penitentiary," replied her companion.

"Indeed! Why, that is the place we have but just come from"—alluding to having seen it from the other side.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed an individual standing by, but not one of the party; "may I ask what you were in for?"

"For *caves-dropping*, and meddling with our neighbor's business," was the prompt and sarcastic reply of the lady.

Fortunately, at that moment, the gentleman heard the significant invitation—"please to step to the captain's office and s-e-c-r-e-t-l-y!" which he did amid roars of laughter.

LIGHT FROM DARK PLACES.

"Sam Jonsing," said Peter Gumbo last night, as he met his old friend just before gun fire—"Sam Jonsing, I's mighty glad to see you."

"You is, eh?" queried the philosophic Sam.

"Distinctly I is," retorted Pete, "and I'll tell you why. It's because I wants de lucerdations ob your obserbation and sperience on a subjec dat's lost in de mazes ob doubt and deplexity to me. I axes you, wot are ment by de *dark ages* ob which we hear so much?"

"Dark ages of de world, Pete?"

"Zactly so, Sam."

"Wot you tinks ob dem yourself, Pete."

"Wall, sometimes I tinks dey has deference to de times afore gas, and de roarin' borallis and lard and the oder new lights ob skyence and convention, and den agiu I's lost in de darkness which de light aforesaid his giben me. But my 'pinion is notin'; I axes you to 'splainify, Sam."

"Wall, Pete, accordin to de lights afore me. I tinks de dark ages you delude to was de times wen dar wasn't no one but niggers in in dis terre-at-shul spere ob ours—de times wen white folks wasn't no whar?"

"Tat's de trute, Sam, de trute; I know it is. You's lit up de darkness heeah!" and Pete struck his forehead a heavy blow with his open hand, turned upon his heel and marvelled. N. O. Pic.

"Children and fools," says the old adage, "always tell the truth." "Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, Ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that was said she!"

"If you do n't wish to fall in love keep away from the women. It is impossible to deal in honey, and not taste of it." Remember this, ye heedless bachelors!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. H. Darling, Mr. Michael O'Hara to Miss Mary Riddle, both of New-York city. At Stockport, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. G. Collins, Mr. George Burget to Miss Martha Chittenden.

At Spencertown, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, Mr. G. W. Shaw to Miss Charlotte C. Lamphier, all of the above place.

At Copake, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. William Lyall, Mr. Peter Rosman, of this city to Miss Catharine Bliss, of North Adams, Mass.

At Stuyvesant, on Monday, the 11th inst. by Rev. Mr. Nevins, Mr. Benjamin F. Johnson to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late John S. Van Alstyne, M. D. of Albany.

At Williamsburgh, on the 18th inst. by Rev. J. W. McLane, H. Herrick Crandall, of Hudson to Miss Catharine Doyen of New-York.

DEATHS.

In this city on the 19th inst. suddenly, Catharine C. wife of Levi Wilsey, and daughter of Jacob Carpenter, in the 23th year of her age.

On the 22th inst. William W. son of John and Mary A. Van De Bogart, aged 1 year, 6 months and 16 days.

On the 28th inst. Edmund O. son of Isaac P. and Ursula B. Grant, aged 8 years and 23 days.

On Wednesday morning, Aug. 27, Mrs. Mary Lee, in the 56th years of her age.

In Ghent, on the 18th ult. Angeline Watermire, aged 25 years, and on the 23d. Lafayette Watermire aged 28 years, (both of putrid dysentery) daughter and son of Geo. W. Watermire.

In Ghent, on the 24th ult. of putrid dysentery, Henry Deyo, son of Richard Deyo, Esq. aged 23 years.

At his residence, in North Canaan, Conn. on the 23d ult. Captain Ruleff Dutcher, aged 71 years—an old and esteemed citizen, much regretted by all who knew him.

In the town of Athens, Sunday morning, Aug. 31st Eber Scott, in the 69th year of her age.

In Claverack, on the 25th ult. Andrew M. son of Andrew M. and Eliza C. Pierce, aged 3 years and 3 mos. and 23 days.

In Columbus, Ga., on the 18th inst. from congestion, RUTH EVELINA only child of Mr. F. A. and Mrs. Sarah H. Fairchild aged 4 years and 12 days. A mysterious Providence has by this event, deeply wounded the hearts of her bereaved Parents. But we cannot stay his hand, and we dare not say unto Him—"What doest thou?" and now we seem to see the angel child, bending from her blest abode, and hear her spirit voice, in tones soft and low, sweetly whisper—"Prepare to meet thy God."

"I love you well, my Parents dear—

I love you all, yet shed no tear;

I'd rather be with Christ than here,—

Farewell, we'll meet again." C. B. K.


In Manchester, Michigan, March 3, Mrs. SOPHIA ROOT, wife of Dr. William Root, in the 42d. year of her age.

The dear Sister, whose death is here recorded, was formerly from Canaan, Columbia Co., N. Y., and was hopefully converted during a revival in the year 1835. Her Christian life has been remarkable for firmness and decision of character, and a conscientious discharge of her duty. She had been a subscriber to the Advocate for fifteen years, and was a warm friend to the cause of Moral Reform. For a number of years she was President of the Auxiliary Society in this place, and by her labours greatly contributed to aid us in our efforts to help the Parent Society.

In April of 1850, she left the home and friends of her childhood for a home in the West, having assumed the responsible station of a mother, expecting to aid in training a family of motherless ones for usefulness here, and for a blessed immortality hereafter.

But how soon all those hopes are blasted. Ag in her husband is bereft of a wife, and those children are again motherless. But we all may be comforted by the thought that our loss is her eternal gain. Through divine grace she was enabled to meet death with composure, to send a dying message to her distant friends, to give her parting advice to each of her children; then bidding them and her husband farewell, she calmly sunk to rest.

"Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of many are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the sinless has died."



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.*

WHAT plaintive strains float on the evening breeze,
Rise o'er the plains, and murmur through the trees;
While Nature seems in sadness to deplore,
Martha, the fair, the virtuous, is no more.

Well may affection drop the pearly tear,
And strow her flowers around thy youthful bier;
In plaintive strains the Muse may fondly tell,
And on the memory of thy virtues dwell.

Though like the rose in life's bright morning perished,
Yet long in memory will thy name be cherished;
And flowers shall bloom around thy lowly bed,
Wet with the tears by fond affection shed.

But cease my Muse! no longer thus complain,
No more indulge in sorrow's plaintive strain;
Unfold thy pinions for a lofty flight,
And trace the spirit in the realms of light.

Now freed forever from her house of clay,
See how she soars along the shining way,
Borne on ethereal wings of fluid light,
Beyond the stars that glitter on the night,
Enters the pearly gates of bliss above,
To dwell forever in the realms of love.

No clouds shall there obscure the shining day,
No more shall sorrows gather round her way;
Perennial streams flow round the blissful shore;
She meets the loved ones who had gone before,
Where Spring immortal cheers the smiling scene,
With flowers unfading, "fields forever green."

Now farewell sister till o'er yonder azure,
Our spirits follow to that peaceful shore,
And meet to mingle there in scenes of pleasure,
Where friendship's ties will ne'er be severed more.

Liberal Academy, Gorham, Me. 1851.

R. H.

* Formerly a Member of the Author's School.

For the Rural Repository.

NEW ENGLAND AND ITALY.

BY ISAAC COBB.

NEW ENGLAND our birth-place, New England our home,
Thou land of the noble, the brave and the free!
Ah, whithersoever we happen to roam,
Our harps we will waken to celebrate thee.

Although fair Italia's salubrious clime
Of a DANTE may boast, with his numbers sublime,
New England is proud of her LONGFELLOW's name,
And many a bay she will plant to his fame.

While never Parnassus of classical lore,
Shall Genius despise, or forget to explore,
So Harvard shall long in the memory dwell
Of those who have sought her Pierian well.

When Time shall depart and Eternity dawn,
Then Rome may behold her magnificence gone!
But thine, oh my Country! thy glorious ray
Will shine through the heavens forever and aye.

Though TULLY's renown be not destined to last,
O'er EVERETT's glory no shade shall be cast;—
For learning and virtue, and prowess and might,
May ne'er be obscured in the darkness of night.

Though CICERO cease to create in the mind,
Conceptions of beauty and grandeur combined,
Yet WEBSTER! oh ne'er for thy influence fear;
These patriot souls shall forever revere!

NEW ENGLAND, my birth-place! New England, my joy!
Thou land of the brave, the TRUE HEARTED, the free!

What duties soever my hands may employ,
My harp shall be tuned for "remembrance" and thee!
Hudson, September, 1851.

THE HOURS.

BY C. P. CRANCHE.

THE hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To HIM who sits on high.

And we, who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
See not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees, that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
Those viewless angel-hours.

The poison or the nectar
The heart's deep flowers-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some flit by on pinions
Of jovious gold and blue,
And some flag on with drooping wings
Of sorrow's darker hue.

But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission-flight by day or night
No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne,
The tale is told in heaven.

These bee-like hours we see not,
Nor hear their noiseless wings;
We only feel, too oft, when flown,
That they have left their stings.

So, teach me, Heavenly Father,
To meet each flying hour,
That as they go they may not not show
My heart a poison flower!

So, when death brings its shadows,
The hours that linger last
Shall bear my hopes on angel-wings,
Unfetter'd by the past.

FORBIDDEN LOVE.

I LOVE thee! Oh, the strife the pain,
The fiery thoughts that through me roll!
I love thee! Look—again, again!
O stars! that thou couldst read my soul:
I would thy bright bright eye could pierce
The crimson folds that hide my heart;
Then wouldst thou find the serpent fierce
That stings me—and will not depart!

Look love upon me, with thine eyes!
Yet no—men's evil tongues are nigh;
Look pity, then, and with thy sighs
Waste music on me—till I die!
Yet, love not; sigh not! Turn (thou must)
Thy beauty from me, sweet and kind;
'T is fit that I should burn to dust—
To death: because—I am not blind!

I love thee—and I live! The moon
Who sees me from her calm above,
The wind who weaves her dim soft tune
About me, know how much I love!
Naught else, save night and the lonely hour,
E'er heard my passion wild and strong;
Even thou yet deem'st not of thy power,
Unless—thou readst aright my song!

I TURN TO THEE IN TIME OF NEED.

I TURN to thee in time of need,
And never turn in vain;
I see thy fond and fearless smile,
And hope revives again.

It gives me strength to struggle on,
Whate'er the strife may be;
And if again my courage fail,
Again I turn to thee.

Thy timid beauty charm'd me first;
I breathed a lover's vow,
But little thought to find the friend
Whose strength sustains me now;
I deemed thee made for summer skies,
But in the stormy sea,
Deserted by all former friends,
Dear love, I turn to thee.

Should e'er some keener sorrow throw
A shadow o'er my mind;
And should I, thoughtless, breathe to thee
One word that is unkind;
Forgive it, love; thy smile will set
My better feelings free;
And with a look of boundless love,
I still shall turn to thee.

New Volume, October, 1850.

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